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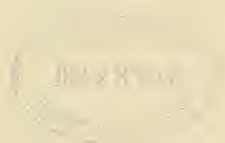
The
Marriage
of the
Months

By
Evelyn Edwards

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JANUARY.



COLD, proud man," the people said,
Surely a girl would never wed

This man of icy ways—
His frozen heart could never tell
The story maidens love so well,
Or whisper lover's praise.

But January thawed one day,
And in his softened heart, a ray
Of love so sweet was shed,
That tenderly he went to woo
His New Year's Day, as others do,
And asked if she would wed.

Now New Year keeps, in books of gold
The resolutions, yearly told
By people everywhere,
And January, warm to-night,
Might freeze again, unless he'd write
His resolution there.

And so to please his New Year's Day,
He wrote his promise in this way,
"Loving and true I'll be,
And tender always to my bride,
For to grow cold, while by her side,
Could happen not," said he.



FEBRUARY.



YOUNG February was fair to see,
The fairest girl in the town was she,
And lovers beset her way,
George Washington's Birthday, a noble lad,
And Valentine's Day, she certainly had
A dozen or so a day.

But Valentine with his pretty wiles
Devised for winning a woman's smiles,
Won February's hand,
For where is there a woman's heart
That would not yield a loving part
At Valentine's command?

A bit of lace, with tender verse
Will oft defy the richest purse,
If sent by Valentine,
And so, to February went
The sweetest verses ever sent,
With love in every line.

The patriots may scoff and say
That Washington and his birthday
The maiden should have chosen,
But in each woman's heart a shrine
Is ever kept for Valentine,
'Round him her love is woven.

And now each year his little heir,
(He's known as Cupid everywhere,)
Comes knocking at each door
And leaves a lovely valentine
To rich and poor; in rain or shine
He flies the country o'er.



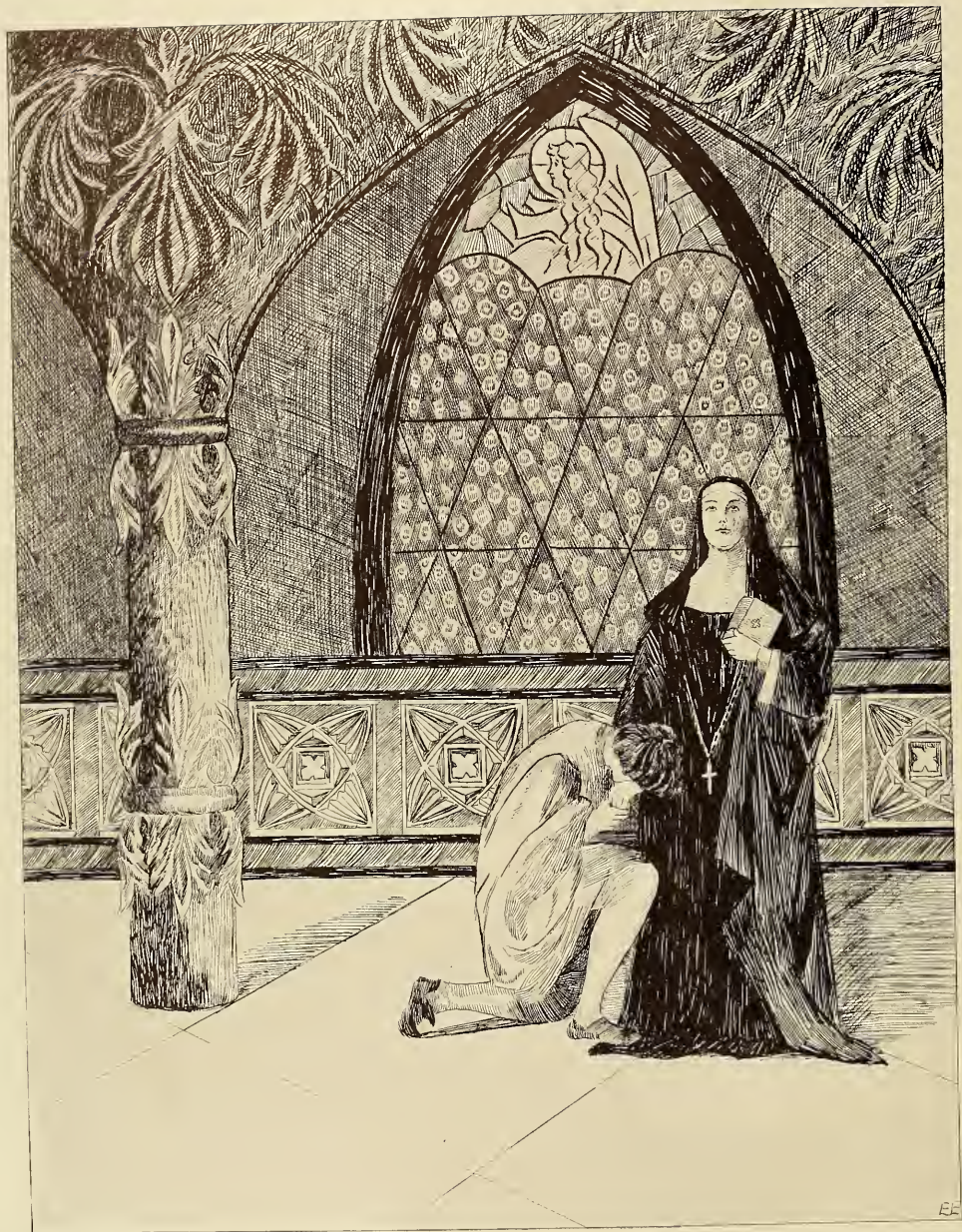
MARCH.



HO in the world would marry March?
He's such a wild blustering fellow!

He would half scare the life
Out of any young wife
And his voice! Why, 'tis almost a bellow.
But at last he found one as jolly as he
She cared not a bit for his bluster—not she—
She said “Yes,” so quick
It 'most made him sick,
His breath was quite taken away—
Very little cared she
For she loved him you see,
This jolly, young St. Patrick's Day.

And now when a whistling March wind keeps us in
We may think as it howls on its way,
'Tis the fiddler, scraping his old violin,
While young March and his wife dance all day.



APRIL.



WITHIN the church, walks Easter Day.

Beside her, on the marble way

Kneels one whose heart is sadly sighing,

And now the anthem softly dying,

Hear April pitifully crying.

"Oh! Easter, Easter, be my bride,

I love you, dear, and by your side,

I'll ever strive your will to do,

Oh! Easter, say you love me true."

But Easter with her eyes so holy

Looks far away from April lowly

Kneeling at her feet, and slowly,

Softly says, "I must not love you,

To this church so high above you

My faithful heart is truly pledged,

My life within its cloister hedged.

I feel that you are selfish, dear,

You would not stop a single tear,

To give the world a pleasant day.

With tears you'd follow every ray

Of sunshine as it suits your pleasure,

And yet you ask me for the treasure

Of my whole heart, although its measure

Includes the whole world, all but self,

All people, to the smallest elf

Who's learned to lisp my sacred name;

Are there not other days of fame?

There is another in the town,

A girl whose fun has won renown,

And she would make you happy truly

If you could love her heart unruly

But careful! Do not let her fool thee."

So said Easter, but still madly

April cries, and then goes sadly

April First to see; but cheering

Are her funny ways, and clearing

Is the face once so despairing,

And now his mouth a smile is wearing.

April is fickle, you're declaring?

Surely you've noticed that before,

Showers are always quickly o'er

In April, and the sunshine too

Deceives us, as the showers do.



MAY.



THE happy May Day
O the glad, glad, play day,
When maidens blush
With pinkest flush
To hear their lovers' oft told story;
When hearts are young,
And songs are sung,
And all the world seems bright with glory,
Then young May comes to woo his bride,
His child-wife sweet and fair,
He scarcely ever leaves her side,
For May Day must not have a care.



JUNE.




OUTSIDE the college door, June stands,
Her presence warm and tender, like the sun
Which shines and flickers o'er the lands
Of king and peasant, worlding, priest and nun;
So blue her eyes, so soft her hair, that one
Became her lover ere the hour was done.

For just inside the college hall,
Before an eager throng, Commencement Day
In power stood, imposing, tall,
Giving degrees and prizes earned, away;
But though the students homage to him pay,
His thoughts far to the summer sunshine stray.

And looking out he sees warm June
Inviting him with roses sweet and fair;
College and books seem out of tune,
While she so lovingly awaits him there,
And so, out in the tender, fragrant air,
Commencement Day seeks June, his bride so fair.



JULY.

 JULY made the greatest mistake of his life
In choosing a woman of mind for his wife.
He married the glorious Fourth. What a pity!
Her crackers alone, would endanger a city—
And besides, there were cannon, guns, powder and shot,
Sky rockets, torpedos! I fear July's lot
Was not to be envied; and now to crown all,
She preached "Women's Rights" and expected a call
To platforms and pulpits. "A woman's vocation,"
She said, "is to do what you can for the nation."
"If that is the case," said July, "as you please,
But I prefer resting beneath the green trees,
Through their leaves to gaze at the beautiful sky,
And hear the cool splash of the brook running by.
I leave you to fight for your tiresome nation,
While I am indulging in mild recreation,
Every one to his taste," and off July ran—
I think of the two, his the pleasanter plan.



AUGUST.




UGUST had so many dog-days
With their shaggy, waggy dog-ways
He was quite content.
“Better far it is to tarry
Than too hastily to marry
Only to repent.

My dogs are loving friends to me,
The use of wives I cannot see,
They're nothing but a fad,
I'll waste no gold on wedding fees
As like as not my dogs she'd tease
And drive them fairly mad.”

And so he talked to every one.
There was no girl beneath the sun,
He'd think of for a bride,
Manlike he never stopped to think
That any girl from him would shrink;
That's quite the other side.



SEPTEMBER.

EAR the cry of Labor Day,
“Is there never time to play,
Must I always work away
Without a ray of light—
Should September ask to wed,
Then a holiday instead
He would make of me. He said
Perhaps he'd call to-night.”

Sure enough, September came,
Asked if she would bear his name,
Life has never seemed the same,
For in that twilight dim
Love unfolded a new way,
Made of her a holiday,
She has never worked they say,
Not since she married him.



OCTOBER.



SEE October in a passion,
Grown so weary of the fashion
His days their love confide.
“I will not have your love, I say,
Among you all there’s not a day
Who’s fit to be my bride.

The other months wed holidays,
You, with your ordinary ways
Derision forth would call;
I’ll send a frost this very night
To freeze your hearts until they’re quite
Too cold to love at all.”

That’s so like October’s temper,
Angry heat and freezing winter
Our strength so often test;
But sometimes he is full of cheer,
So bright, we feel of all the year,
We love October best.



NOVEMBER.



POOR old November, sad and gray,
He never knew a wedding-day.
When young, he might have found a wife,
But now 'tis quite too late in life.
And yet he stands there, gazing down,
And sees Thanksgiving bustling round
With roasted turkey and mince pie!
Oh! did you hear November sigh?
"The pies and tarts that girl can make,
The cakes and puddings she can bake
It fairly makes my old heart ache;
Why did I make the sad mistake
Of living single all these years,
And now I am beset with fears
Lest I should seem too old a swain,
And yet I walk without a cane,
And have some years of life beside;
I'll ask her if she'll be my bride—
Those cakes and puddings won my heart
And as for turkey and jam tart—
If I can only win Thanksgiving,
I'll have the very best of living.
I surely hope that I shall win her,
And have a fine Thanksgiving dinner."



DECEMBER.

I



DECEMBER lived, you know, alone,
He was so very, very old.
His heart, they say, was hard as stone,
His face was rigid with the cold,
A word of love he'd never told.

2

And yet one day I know not why
They never had been seen before,
Some tears stood in his faded eye,
His mouth a strange expression wore
As though his heart stirred at the core.

3

He called to him his frosty days.
"Why is it I am changed," he said
"I thought I knew no tender ways,
I thought my stern old heart was dead
I surely cannot wish to wed."

4

Then one stepped forward. "Sire," said she
Outside the city gates last night,
A Child was born; they say that he
Has come to make this dark world bright,
And all around is glorious light.

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They tell us too, that for this Gift,
We should be kinder, one and all,
We should each other's burdens lift,
Or never on the Christ-child call
The child who sleeps in manger stall.

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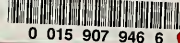
And so December grows more kind.
The little Child who came that night,
A shelter in the world to find,
Shed over all a softening light,
Made all hearts tremble with delight.





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